

UNCLE SAM \$500,000,000 WEALTHIER

By ELLIOTT D. YOUNG

Treasury Officials Coin Great Amount of Emergency Currency.

OFFICIAL currency stretchers of the United States government have ready \$500,000,000 in emergency notes, created by the Aldrich-Vreeland law, which can be put out at an instant's notice to help financial panics in the bud. Great progress was made by the treasury officials in getting the monster bundles of notes into shape to be issued at a moment's notice.

Hardly had the bill which created this emergency currency passed the gauntlet held up by congress when treasury officials were at work to put

Cash Must Be Ready for Distribution, Under Aldrich-Vreeland Act, By the Time Congress Meets—How the Work of Getting Money in Shape Is Accomplished.

In the meantime the dies were cast by the engraving bureau. This engraving required the greatest care for a single deviation in lines upon the copper plates meant that the bill would be thrown out and the entire plate would necessarily have to be made over again. Dozens of experts were put to work upon the plates. The dies made, the work of testing and finally printing was entered into. It was perhaps a month after the measure was passed before the presses were set in motion in the printing offices turning out notes of great and small denominations.

An army of clerks was rendered necessary to keep tab on the plates, paper and invoice the notes to the treasury department. As fast as the bills were turned out by the department of printing Superintendent Ralph, who is in charge of the entire bureau, personally inspected samples and ordered them turned over to the treasury officials. They were then stored in the vaults in the treasury offices and are now ready to be turned out to banks enrolled in the emergency currency associations.

ONE MAN'S MYTHICAL REASON.
After Several Hours He Remembered His Dinner Engagement.

Dinner had been ready and waiting 20 minutes. The wife of the tardy guest was very much embarrassed. Just to think that her husband was so rude as to be late at a dinner engagement and keep all the guests waiting! After a while the belated one arrived, red-faced and perspiring.

IT SANK THE BOAT

BUT HEN MERRIAM LANDED THE BIG FISH.

Next Time He Probably Will Know Better Than to Take Advice of a Friend Fond of a Practical Joke.

"Hen Merriam never would say just what the black bass weighed," said a man from Monroe county, "and I guess Mark Sullivan didn't know, but the hammer weighed five pounds. It was a Sodus bay bass, and when Hen talked about wanting to go out and get it or one something like its size some one told him the bass ran so large in Sodus that fishermen who wanted to be on the safe side took a big hammer along with them to knock 'em in the head. So the hammer Hen Merriam took with him weighed almost as much as the cedar boat he rowed."

"Hen, being a railroad conductor seemed to expect the bass to be right on schedule time in taking his hook after he had thrown in, and so when 15 minutes had passed and no bass had come along he decided it was so far behind time that he guessed it would have to be abandoned, and he was pulling up to go in when the bass came along and got the hook."

"Hen started right in to make up lost time and yanked that bass in hand over hand. When the fish's head came in sight and within reach Hen grabbed his hammer, and being a little mad yet over the bass being behind time he brought the hammer down like he was a blacksmith's helper well on to his job."

"But Sodus bay bass are watchful and sly, and this one ducked and got out of the way of the hammer. The hammer kept right on coming down, though, and it had to hit something, and so it changed into the side of the light cedar boat."

"It passed right on through the side of the boat, making a hole big enough to shove a stovepipe in. The hole being below the water line of course the water poured into the boat like a torrent, and Hen began to yell."

"'Hay!' he yelled. 'Somebody better make extra good time over here or there'll be trouble on this line!' And that was no joke, for Hen had hardly yelled that much when his boat sank and he was floundering in the water trying to keep from following it. He had the hammer in one hand and held fast to his line with the other. Mark Sullivan was taking out bass in a boat near by, and he pulled for Hen right away."

"Don't stop for signals!" yelled Hen. "Pull her wide open, of this bass will get away!"

"Mark got there just in time to tug Hen into his boat, and Hen was no sooner in than he began hauling away on his bass, which was still on the hook. When he got it alongside the boat he handed the hammer to Mark, and while Hen held the bass with the top of its head out of the water Mark used the sledging on it."

"He tumbled the bass' skull in at the first clip. They lifted the fish into the boat and came ashore. Nobody has ever heard how much it weighed, for Hen Merriam never knew. When Hen told about the bass he just said it was so big it sank the boat."

"But if I find the man who told me to take that hammer along as part of my fishing tackle," said he, "he'll know how much I weigh!"

"Some say the boat cost Hen \$10."

Small Foothold.

The moving picture lecturer mounted the platform and waved his megaphone.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he announced in stentorian tones, "you see the dark, angry waves surging higher and higher. Even the small pinnacle that the beautiful heroine was standing on has been swept away. Now—"

"Hold on, Bill!" whispered the assistant. "Do golly can't stand on nothing. What is she standing on anyway?"

For a moment the smooth-tongued lecturer was nonplused. Then quickly recovering his composure he continued:

"Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, the beautiful heroine is now standing on her dignity."

A Test for Coal Gas.

Do you suspect your hot-air furnace of leaking coal gas into the heat flues and into the house? A simple and effective way of testing for this trouble is to throw upon the furnace fire a large wad of cotton which has been saturated with oil of peppermint and thickly sprinkled with sulphur to make it burn quickly. Close the furnace door tightly and have some one who has not smelled the prepared cotton wad try to detect the odor in the rooms above. If it is found you will need a new drum for your furnace without delay.

He Had the Idea.

A Chinaman who had been robbed by a woman on the Bowery was trying to describe her at the police station.

"Can't you remember how she was dressed?" asked the lieutenant at the desk. "What sort of a hat did she wear?"

For a moment John seemed puzzled. Then his face brightened.

"He dead—she glad," he confidently announced.

And now the police are looking for a woman with a Merry Widow hat. Everybody's Magazine.

Too Many Tips.

"So you're looking for work again?" "Yessah," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I thought you had a job with a tailor?" "Yessah. I thought I was gwinter make my fortune out o' dat job. De tailor would stan' a customer up an' take a tape measure an' begin to call out numbers."

"Of course." "I followed 'im as long as I could. But, deed, boss, my salary warn't big enough to play all dem polly tigs!"

WHILE ENTERTAINING A DUKE.

A Few Suggestions Made by a Writer in Lippincott's.

Many people are unnecessarily embarrassed while a duke is visiting them. This is a great mistake. Of course a duke is a duke; but, then, there is no reason why he shouldn't be treated with a certain amount of respect.

To do this it is not necessary to respect him too much. Treat him with as much respect as you think he will stand, but do not lavish it upon him.

If he leaves his boots in front of his door at night, do not feel that it is incumbent upon you to get up at six o'clock to shine them. Wait until seven, anyway. He will never know the difference.

Let him be alone with your daughter as much as he likes. If he resents this, tell him he can get even later. This might under some circumstances seem too candid; but it is better to meet him in a frank and open-hearted manner.

At night, before the duke goes to bed, sneak into his room and turn on all the steam. Being an Englishman, he may not understand this sudden warmth on your part, but you can explain to him the next morning when he fans himself down to the breakfast table, that it's only a foretaste of what he may expect later. Not being able to see a joke, he will probably think that you mean to pay all his expenses to Palm Beach, which will restore him to his good humor.

When you have a duke on hand, do not talk too much about your ancestors, or rub it in about your family. It might make him feel uncomfortable. No duke likes to feel that he is marrying above him.

Naturally you will provide him, while he is with you, with the necessities of life. It is extremely embarrassing when you invite some of your intimate friends in to see your duke to have him sit on the end of your davenport couch with fringe on his trousers and a false bosom to his shirt. Feed him, therefore, on good nourishing food, and make him as respectable as any duke can ever be made.—Lippincott's Magazine.

He Kept His Word.

A traveling man stopped at a little town in Arkansas and while there he made inquiries of the postmaster as to the integrity and honesty of a certain doctor who lived in the next county.

"What sort of a man is Dr. Briggs?" he queried. "Is he a man that can be trusted—a good doctor?"

"Well," answered the postmaster, thoughtfully, "that depends. He's been doctorin' 'roun' here for some years now—ain't doin' much lately, though. Seems he was sent for to go to sea of 'Mis' Henderson, what's been dyin' for gonn' on 30 year. Ol' lady had the noo-rally pretty bad. Doc he gives her a dose o' laud'num an' he says: 'Mis' Henderson, you'll go to sleep, now, an' you won't be bothered with the noo-rally no mo'."

"She went to sleep; that was las' May, an' it's gittin' to'rd's fall now. She ain't waked up yet an' she ain't never been bothered with the noo-rally, either. As a doctor, I guess Briggs ain't much; but he always keeps his word, sir, always."

One Thing More.

Light may come from the east, but from the west comes picturesque language. During the Democratic convention at Denver last July a well-known politician, noted for his resplendent red whiskers, came to town in a suit of light gray, with pearl-gray spats over black shoes, and a waistcoat to match. Noticing the style of headgear that people were wearing, he sent out for a yard of blue stuff to wind about the crown of his panama. With this hat surmounting his red whiskers, and with his otherwise noticeable "getup," he was the center of attention in the hotel corridor.

As he stood in a circle of admiring cowboys, plainmen and politicians, who watched him stroke his beard and mustache, along came a representative from one of the western states.

"Hello, Jim!" said the westerner, after a brief examination. "There's only one thing the matter with you—you ought to have those whiskers scrubbed a little bit more."—Youth's Companion.

The Archbishop and the Bulls.

At the time Archbishop Ryan was selected for the position which he now occupies with so much distinction, there was some difficulty concerning the official announcement of his appointment. Three or four weeks elapsed, and still the papal bull had not reached him. One of his friends, who was deeply concerned in the document, said to him with much solicitude:

"Your grace, what do you suppose has become of your bulls?"

"I don't know," was the smiling rejoinder, "unless they are grazing on the Alps."—Lippincott's.

Potlatch.

Potlatch is a custom of distributing gifts practiced by the Kwakiut, Chinook and other tribes of the northwest coast. The principal actor in the ceremony is some member of the tribe who has spent years in accumulating treasures of all kinds, which he gives away in one grand display of generosity. All the tribesmen of the villages for miles around attend the ceremony. Honor binds the recipients of the gifts, however, to such an extent that they become indebted to the giver to double the amount of the present, so that the potlatch is, instead of an extravagance, a wise investment against future need.

Country of Orchids.

There are in London a number of great houses doing a world-wide business in orchids alone. Most of the plants come from Brazil. In the botanical gardens of Rio de Janeiro there are over 6,000 varieties of orchids.

Taking No Risk.

Worldly Aunt—See here, Edith! That young man to whom you've engaged yourself—is his future as sure?

Edith—Oh, yes, auntie! He was a child.—Judge.



GEN. GRANT AND HIS SON.

Boy Who Is Now General in Army Tells of Early War Experience.

GEN. FREDERICK DENT GRANT, eldest son of the great civil war commander, recently described to a reporter of the Philadelphia Record his own "first battle." He had left Memphis, where his mother and the children were to join his father.

I left her, and found father on a gunboat in the Mississippi river. We slept on deck. One morning he was missing, and Gen. Lorenzo Thomas told me he had gone to Port Gibson. I was to remain where I was until he came back. Gen. Thomas was pale and looked worried. Every little while we would hear the firing of cannon.

Some troops were being formed on the bank to march away to battle, and a rabbit ran along the line between them and the river. I asked Gen. Thomas to let me go ashore and catch the rabbit. The rabbit had disappeared, of course; but I got on land. Disobeying orders, I started for Port Gibson, some 17 miles distant. Having no horse, I walked.

In the afternoon I met a battery that was getting ready to go into action. I stopped for awhile, but artillery fire didn't interest me very much. Several regiments of infantry were fighting in the low ground below, however, and I went to them.

Presently the climax of the battle occurred. I saw our troops rush forward, and I knew the enemy had given way. Night came on, and I walked among our men in the moonlight. I followed four soldiers who were carrying a dead man in a blanket.

Soon I was at a little schoolhouse that had been turned into a hospital. Surgeons were tossing amputated arms and legs out of the windows. The yard of the schoolhouse was filled with wounded and groaning men, who were waiting for the surgeons. I picked my way among them to the side of the road and sat on the roots of a tree. I was hungry, thirsty and worn out, and, worse than all, I didn't know whether my father were living or dead.

No boy was ever more utterly wretched. I had seen my first battle. Then an orderly, who had been carrying messages for my father, rode up. He took off his saddle, gave it to me for a pillow, and covered me with his saddle-cloth. In a short time he returned and took me to my father, whom I found sitting on a camp-stool back of the schoolhouse, drinking a tin cup of hot coffee. I expected to get a sharp reproof for my disobedience.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"I walked." He looked at me for a moment, and then said: "I guess you will do." And there was no anger in his face. Maybe I was mistaken, but I half believed he was not sorry that I left the gunboat.

The next day I was given "an enormous horse grown white with age," as my father says in his memoirs, and rode back to the gunboat. Charles A. Dana, then an officer of the war department, and afterward editor of the New York Sun, riding a raw-boned mate of my horse, went along with me.

AN INDIANA HERO.

Heroic Figure of William Henry Harrison for Tippecanoe Monument



The plaster cast of the heroic figure of William Henry Harrison has just been completed by John H. Mahoney, an Indianapolis sculptor, and has been shipped to Vermont, where it will be copied in granite by McDonnell & Sons. The final figure will be eight feet tall and is to be placed at the base of the Tippecanoe battle shafts on the Tippecanoe battle grounds. Both the shaft and the statue will be of Barre Vermont granite. It is the plan to dedicate the monument November 7, which will be the ninety-seventh anniversary of the battle.

LA COOLIDGE

the notes into such shape that they might be put upon the market.

Acting Secretary Coolidge of the treasury overlooked the work and the bureau of engraving and printing which put out the currency was in charge of Superintendent Ralph.

Each day Superintendent Ralph delivered into the hands of the treasury officials between \$2,000,000 and \$4,000,000 in the new style notes. Before the end of summer there was over \$100,000,000 ready for delivery to the banks on call.

Congress meets again in December and then the legislators will be greeted by the great outlay of cash. If there should be a panic this fall, which is far from likely, officials declare, this great amount of emergency currency would be delivered to the stricken districts within a few hours and it is believed the trouble would end with the appearance of the cash.

Up to August 1 only one emergency currency association had been formed, but soon organizations began to materialize all over the country and the interest in the new act was heightened to a great extent. The banks of the District of Columbia had their articles of association approved by the secretary of the treasury about the middle of July and to them belongs the honor of being the first members of an organization authorized under the emergency currency law.

The banks in New York and other financial centers were not disposed to fully commit themselves pending a determination of the question whether a bank joining an association could withdraw from it after complying with all the requirements of the law. The treasury officials regarded this question as purely academic but they took the matter under consideration and a decision was reached on this point in a very short time. The act itself is entirely silent on the subject.

The proposition of putting out such a great amount of currency was one which held the bureau of printing and engraving in its throes for many anxious months, for it was pointed out when the measure finally passed congress after a long fight that while it was decidedly improbable that there would be a panic this fall, it was certainly necessary that the currency be ready for delivery in case unsettled conditions should introduce themselves into Wall street and other big financial centers of the country.

But if the word of the framers of the Aldrich-Vreeland statute is to be believed no such conditions can arise, simply because of the existence of the emergency currency act.

Most readers of congressional news in the daily papers remember well and followed closely the struggle which took place in both the house and senate coincident to the passage of the bill. The senate refused to accept the Vreeland bill, manufactured in the lower branch, while the house of representatives could see nothing but evil things in the Aldrich measure—that is, the majority.

Speaker Cannon of the house paid several visits to President Roosevelt at the White House. The executive insisted upon work being done by congress, if it were only this law. Finally the opposition forces met in caucus and then there was another caucus, most of the points in dispute being settled. The bill passed the house with much acclaim from those who had aided in effecting the compromise.

Then came the struggle in the senate with Senator LaFollette, Senator Gore, the blind legisla-

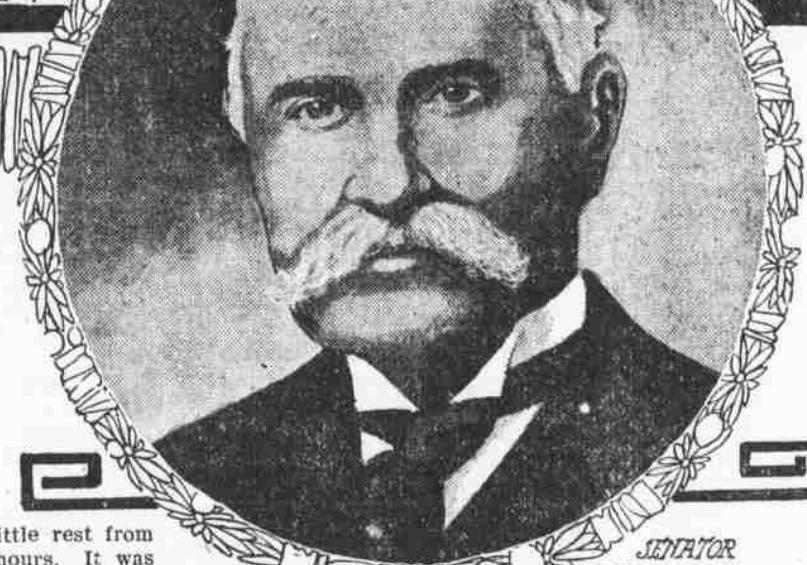
A RUN ON A BANK, WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL BE AVOIDED

tor, and their aides in the role of the opposing minority. Everyone familiar with parliamentary rules of congress knows that speeches are limited in the house, but in the senate a man may hold the floor for months, providing he has something to talk about.

Senator La Follette, the man who takes but little rest from his labors, spoke for 18 hours. It was a memorable speech because of its length. Then Senator Gore took his place and spoke for quite a while longer. All this was done to keep Senator Aldrich and his friends from putting on passage the compromise measure. It was regarded as a certainty that the bill would pass and so the opposition's idea in the beginning was to keep on talking until midnight March 3, 1909, in shifts of eight hours each.

Whether it was by prearrangement or by accident, few will ever know, but the fact remains that when one of the filibuster aides neglected his cue, an Aldrich supporter jumped into the breach, secured the floor and made the motion to put the bill on passage. It passed and ended one of the most spectacular filibusters which legislative circles of the country have ever recorded. For that reason the United States now has \$500,000,000 in emergency currency ready to put out at an instant's notice to stem the tide which a panic would bring upon the country.

Then came the work of engraving bills of every denomination in the offices of the bureau of engraving and printing. First the rough paper was received. It was cut up into strips upon machines which cut many thousands of notes at one time.



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

"So sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "But I was detained at the office with an out-of-town customer. Just couldn't get away."

The excuse sounded all right and was accepted by the hostess, but it was a myth.

The truth was: Preoccupied, he had gone home from the office at the usual time and found the house locked, much to his surprise. Where in the mischief were his wife and children? He wondered. Why didn't they tell him they were going away?

He went all around the house and tried the doors, but they were locked. Then he found a piece of iron in the backyard and broke open a window and crowded in.

He crowded out through the window for the evening paper and crowded back. He read the paper, and still the wife and children didn't return.

At 6:03 o'clock he remembered the dinner engagement. While he dressed and rode 20 blocks the guests waited. But others have made the same blunder.—Kansas City Star.

The French officers she implored him to deny the accusation. The secret might have been buried with him but for a subsequent discovery that his wife had repudiated the orthodox religion and had become a Roman Catholic. He became embittered and rose under the shock, cut her off in back "to a husband who worships you and who respects you beyond all others." At the time the count was 47 and the countess 35. In his letters to her he had frankly admitted that he had given orders to fire the city. When he was accused of the deed by

original charge against him, says his denial was due to influence exerted over him by his beautiful wife.

Just before the city was taken he had sent her to a distant province for safety and on the evacuation by the French he had implored her to come back "to a husband who worships you and who respects you beyond all others." At the time the count was 47 and the countess 35. In his letters to her he had frankly admitted that he had given orders to fire the city. When he was accused of the deed by

WHO BURNED MOSCOW CITY?

Confession of the Incendiary as Sequel to a Story of Love and Hate.

Historians of Napoleon's invasion of Russia have for more than a century been trying to discover whose hand it was which applied the torch to Moscow or gave the order for the conflagration which precipitated the French emperor's retreat, says the Washington Post. At the time Count Theodore

Rostopchine was said to have been the incendiary. In 1823, however, he published a pamphlet, "The Truth Concerning the Great Fire of Moscow," in which the blame was laid at the door of French soldiers made mad with vodka. Now, however, the granddaughter of the governor-general, Countess Lydie Rostopchine, in a biography of her grandfather, substantiates the